

POEMS

ON THE

LAMENTED DEATH

OF

Her Most Excellent Majesty,
Queen MARY.

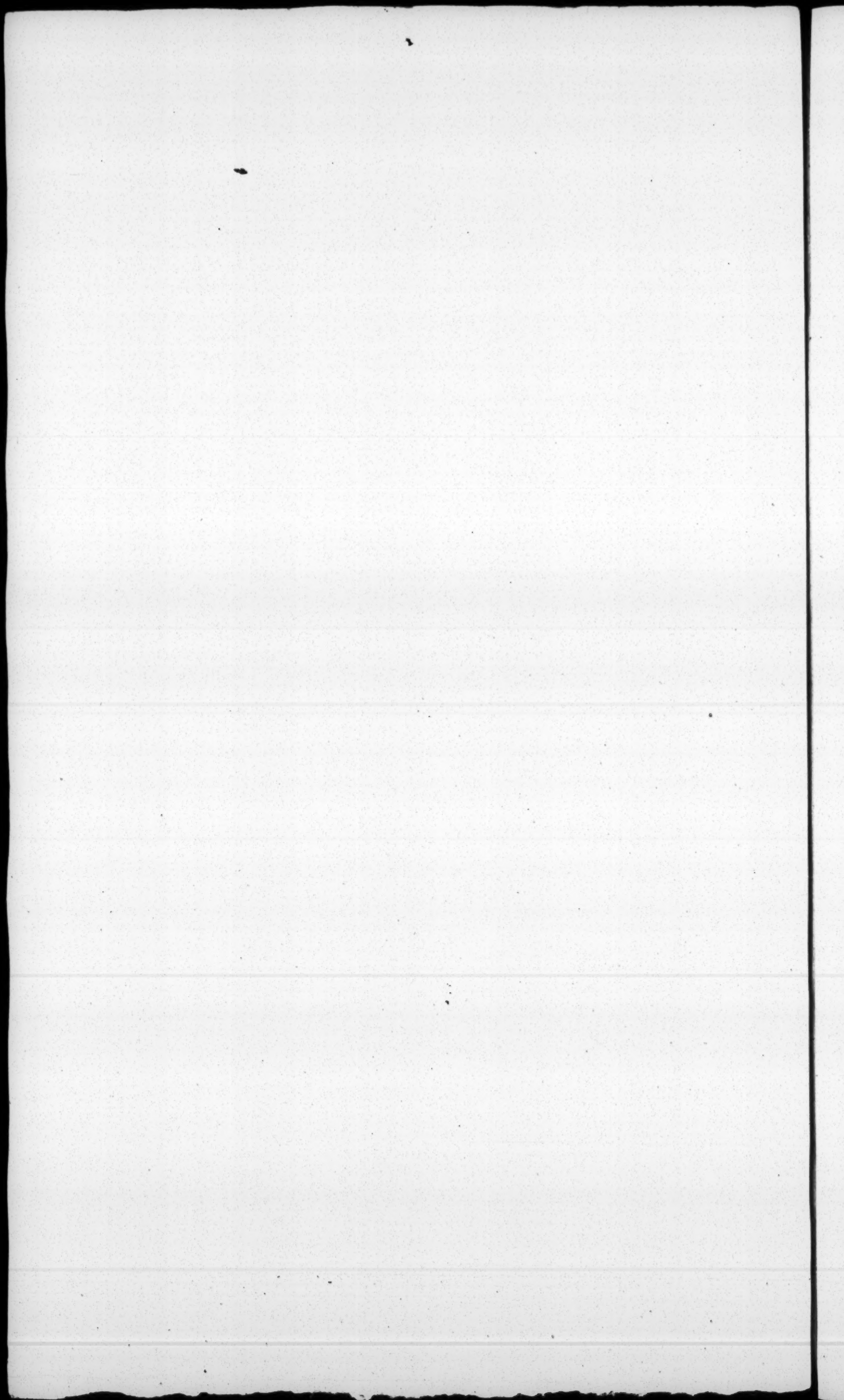
By J. RAWSON, M. A.
AND
Mr. ROBERT SMITH.

-----O Dea certe !

-----Manibus date lilia plenis :
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque Mariæ
His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere-----

L O N D O N,

Printed for Tho. Bennet, at the Half-Moon in
St. Pauls Church-yard, 1695.



O N T H E
D E A T H of the Q U E E N.

O H ! 'tis too true ! -- Our Senses lay amaz'd ;
Like men but newly wak'd we wildly gaz'd :
Such strokes of Fate at the first prospect seem
Disorders only of some frightful Dream.
'Tis true --- the fighting Nations speak no less ;
Too true --- the mournful Kingdoms this confess.
Their Hands, their Eyes, their every drooping Head,
Too plainly tell --- *The Queen, The Queen is Dead !*

She's dead, nor cou'd our vows effectual prove,
Fate had resolv'd *our Blessing* to remove.
Cou'd Prayr's, cou'd thousand Hecatombs atone
Never *Maria*, hadst thou from us gone.
Heaven was ungentle, Fate was too severe,
To a whole Nations sighs to lend no pitying ear.

The day on which thy Death we first deplore,
To *Innocence* was sacred once before,
But now on thy account it shall be more.

To raging Grief, like ours, 'tis some allay
To tell the story of that fatal day.
But oh ! what artful Muse can paint our fears,
Our Sighs and Vows, and our repeated Prayers,
Our Hearts with Sorrow fill'd, our Eyes with Tears?
How does the Priest to the throng'd Alter fly,
So *she* might live himself content to dye !
His trembling Pulse its motions takes from hers,
And he *her* safety to his own prefers.
Art stands amaz'd and finds it self outdone,
Apello's Sons their want of power own.

The Souldier weeps, nor is asham'd of Tears,
 Inglorious on all accounts but hers.
 Nay *William's* self, whom danger ne'er could fright,
 Trembles, and Shrinks, at the amazing sight:
 Undaunted *He*, the *Gallick Thunder* sees;
 Death he has vanquish't in all Shapes but this.
 Hardy, and Fearless as Romances e're
 Suppos'd their Heroes and their Lovers were;
 He shakes, he sinks, he dyes, the *Heroe* fails;
 Brave tho he be, the tender part prevails.
Achilles so, his lov'd *Briseis* gone,
 Suspends his Courage, and his Arms lays down.
 The *Lords* now mute are grown, the *Commons* so,
 Yet both give comfort, tho they want it too.

Cruel disease! still fatal to the best,
 To all that's fair, an enemy profess.
 Thy rage attacks the seat of Beauty still,
 And does or rudely spoil, or fiercely kill:
 Envy and Death combin'd, no more could do,
 Here thou hast ruin'd, and hast murder'd too;
 Here thou hast kill'd, the *Great*, the *Good*, the *Fair*,
 Her thou hast kill'd, whom all things else would spare.

O *Queen*—

Does angry Heav'n and unrelenting Fate
 Design some *Publick Crisis* to our State,
 And did they only for thy absence wait?
 Too good in our Calamities to share,
Thee, the *Destroying Angel* was to spare,
 Heav'n could do nothing here, till thou wast there.

Blest Saint! could'st thou from thy celestial seat
 See the sad face of our afflicted state;
 If there be room for Grief and Pity there,
 The joy of those glad mansions 'twou'd impair.

But oh! avert our sad misgiving fears,
 Enough of vengeance now, enough of Tears
 In losing *Thee* alone, our guilty Nation bears.
 Still may thy Piety protect our Isle,
 Thy Guardian *Genius* on thy *Heroe* smile.

His

His toils with Peace, his Arms with Conquest crown ;
 Inspire his Councils, and secure his Throne :
 And since this *Atlas* now alone does bear
 Our Empires mighty weight-----

Unite in *Him* those Hearts which thou didst share,
 And with a double Duty, soften double care.

And pardon *Me*, who thus in humble Verse,
 Attend a Mourner at thy Royal Hearse
 Those few like *Thee*, who so much wonder raise,
 'Tis scarce more hard to imitate, than praise.
 In vain we strive thy Vertues to commend,
 In vain the rest to equal *Thee* pretend.

In *Thee*, bright excellence, was centred all
 Which we or Piety, or Virtue call ;
 In vain, would Poetry and Fancy rise
 To somewhat equal to *MARIA's* Eyes ;
 And Wit, and Art, their Weakness must confess
 If they pretend her goodness to express.

Oh ! she was innocent as Angels are,
 Chast, as those happy Beings, and as Fair :
 Adorn'd with Princely Virtues as with Blood ;
 As great as Heav'n could make her and as good.
 Kind to each miserable wretches sighs,
 Not Charity, had more propitious Eyes ;
 Oh ! She gave all that misery could crave
 Scarce Heav'n it self, more bountifully gave.
 Hence 'tis we hear this Universal groan
 Since the great Pattern of our Age is gone,
 Sublime in Birth, in Beauty, and in State,
 But more in dying *Good*, than living *Great*.

M. S.

M A R I Æ *magna Britannie,
 Hiberniæ nec non Galliæ Regine
 Optima Maxima :*
*Non modo inter Reginas,
 Sed & Uxores,
 Sed & Faminas præstantissimæ.
 In cujus pectore, si ullibi habitavit
 Religio, Pietas, Misericordia,
 Et in Aula non inuisa solum
 Sed inaudita, Humilitas,
 Et quicquid in optimis sæculis
 Honestum & laude dignum audivit.
 Quam pro dignitate laudare
 Non possumus----- Utinam possemus !
 Hanc tamen semper desiderandam,
 Semper Heu !) desendam Anglis
 Febris ardens, Elæ instar,
 (Quam extinguere non possent lachrymarum flumina)
 Die nunc duplici nomine Innocentiæ sacro,
 In curru flammæo ad Cælum evexit.
 Frustra, Lector, expectabis suspiria,
 Frustra lachrymas,
 Vulgaris indicia mæroris,
 Ingentibus conficimur doloribus,
 Minores loquaciores aliquando extiterunt.*

F I N I S.

Carmen Funebre.

By ROBERT SMITH.

Hic labor, hoc opus.

Virg.

*Poets were Poets born not long ago :
Not Nature, but the Queen makes Poets now.*

ET quantus stetit, & stabit *Gulielmus* in armis !
Quem *Britanna* suis superavit mollior armis
Sola *Venus*, nitidis oculis, primaq; juventa.
Est tener ignis amoris iter, taciturnaq; pestis
Nulla vi serpitq;, domatque ferocia corda.
Et quantus stetit, & stabit *Gulielmus* in armis !
Quamvis grata sui pars dudum avulsa reliquit
Ingentiq; dolore, & duro vulnere victum.
Ipse sua tantum dextra quasi sternitur Heros :
Quem nec *Galla* quidem tellus stravisse triumphet,
Sternere nec speret. Tam justo, en ! ipse dolori,
Ipse impar Bellator, & acer spiritus impar

Bellatoris erat. Nam quantus agmine pulchro
 Virtutes *Maria* habuit, comitesq; ducesq;
 Ingentes vitæ! Species quas splendida morum
 Eximias! iter, en, longum, lentamq; senectam
 Indignata, morasq; ægras, prævertitur ipsa
 Tempora festinans, atq; urget ad optima cursum.
 Purpureus color ille Deæ vix tinxerat ora,
 Ambrosiasq; genas tenero jam flore juventæ,
 Quum canos mores, & famam ostendit anilem.
 Rege suo Regina, & Conjux digna marito:
 Et rerum decus *Anglarum*, regniq; voluptas.
 Nam dum ardens *Mavors* fulgentibus ocyor armis
 Ibat in adversas acies, irasq; laceffit;
 Dum cædes, stragesq; accendit funere multo
 Trans mare (Dij melius, quod tanta incendia belli
 Haud nostras tetigere domos): res mitior *Anglas*
 Ipsa domi fovit; Regemq; ostendit, & ipsam
 Reginam: Tantas regnandi calluit artes.
 Æqua dedit faciles somnos: tristesq; procellas,
 Crudelesq; metus domuit, curasq; rebelles.
 Nunc tandem dilapsa manus elusit inanes,
 Eripiturq; oculis fugiens Regina: nec umbram
 Jam miseri aspicimus.

Sed fat erit, modo dum *Britonum* pater ipse superlit :
 Et vel adhuc superest. Nam quando extrema sequutam
 Urget summa dies, atque irremeabilis orcus
 Insignem arripuit prædam, & spolia ampla : dolores
 Vincere conatur, victusque assurgere supra
 Ipse suas vires, animosque extrema ferendo
 Exercere alios. Nobis siquis tamen *Orpheus*,
 Qui cantuque lyraq; vagas compescuit undas,
 Qui sylvasq; feraq; domat ; vasta intima lethi
 Cantando penetret : Siquid sua carmina possunt,
 Si mollire queant *Erebum*, Stygiamque paludem,
 Stagnantemq; *Acheronta*, & tristem flectere *Ditim* ;
 Evocet ille animam pulchram, referatq; *Britannam*
 Eurydicen : parcat sed lumina vertere retro,
 Ne retro sublapsa comes quoque fallat euntem.

U P O N T H E
Late Loss of the Q U E E N.

By R O B E R T S M I T H.

O Thers but meanly born, as meanly dye :
 One, or two neighbours mourn their destiny.
 If once the Hero's gone, the Nation grieves :
 Without the Head, scarce half the Body lives.
 When Nature makes the very thing she wou'd,
 A King, or Queen, she aims at each man's good.
 Then lo *Britannia* in her humble Drets!
 Whose Grief the Painter car'd not to express, }
 So cast a gloomy shade around her Face.
 Her Shepherds pensively in artless Verse
 Their rude, but Honest sentiments Rehearse :
 A rural symphony of unthought strains
 From many a pipe, gives passion to the plains :
 The Plains are apprehensive from the sound,
 That their great *Ceres* can no more be found.
 The Nymphs, so hypocritically coy,
 That each but seems t'avoid her am'rous Boy,

Stand list'ning now, to ev'ry weeping strain :
 And as these play, they tenderly complain.
 The Grief is common: in great pain's the Isle :
 He, who can laugh, must weep when others smile.

But why so short her stay ? so short her Age ?
 All things, but Death, the Goddess cou'd assuage.
 Death sure is common, and the Grave th' abode
 Where all must dwell, for there we find the good.
 The dearest ransom wou'd be freely pay'd
 For such a Prisoner, so August a shade.
 Her Vertues with her Birth commenc'd so young,
 Some thought she'd always live, some thought not long.
 In her first dawning looks, an Infant mein
 She rais'd our expectation of the Queen.
 A Queen she was : and such, that she declar'd
 A brave ambition to be lov'd, not fear'd :
 As she engag'd us by a milder way,
 The Duty was a Pleasure to obey.
 For tho the Nature of the thing does prove,
 Our service shou'd be mix'd with equal love :
 Yet shou'd that abject Passion once rebel,
 Our Fear wou'd make us Slaves against our will.
 But upon sweeter terms, she made us yeild,
 Whilst her great Warrior rang'd the dusty Field :
 Such was the Art, and method of her Reign,
 But few, and those were mad, that did complain.
 Her genius show'd her how to draw the King
 In that severe, inimitable Thing,

D

His

His silence: in her Breast lay closely pent
William's unknown designs of Government.
 As when the Moon, a swift, but silent light,
 Has half perform'd the business of the night,
 When this great lower World is lull'd asleep
 No storms abroad, to vex the Watty deep;
 When Nature seems all dumb: just so serene,
 So silent, and so hush'd, was *Britain's* Queen.
 Her goodneis, while she liv'd, the *Hero* try'd:
 But Grief he never knew, before she dy'd.
 How bravely she wou'd dye, her life foretold:
 Before her time inimitably old:
 Impatient to be good, preventing Age,
 Then had she drove through Vertues mighty stage,
 When few begin to think of living well.
 This Heaven, and the *Hero* best can tell:
 For Heaven, and the *Hero* had their share
 Both in her publick, and her private Care.
 Matchless all Three, the Saint, the Queen, the Wife!
 Her Death the last great act of all her Life!
 From that she Honour had, but we the Wound:
 A deeper still than that, the time we found:
 Snatcht by impatient Fate the goddess fled,
 And when we least cou'd spare Her, then she dy'd.

F I N I S.